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## ADVENTURES OF THE PLAINS

The San Francisco Daily Chronicle of January 21, February 5 and February 16, published in three installments an article entitled "Adventures on the Plains," written by one Charles Cardinell, who was a member of Captain Parker H. French's California express train of 1849, which left New York May 13 on the steamship Georgia. The expedition proceeded by way of Havana and New Orleans to Lavaca, Texas, and after numerous difficulties reached San Antonio in early July. Leaving on the 15th, they passed west by way of Castroville and Fort Clinton, crossing Devil's River and the Pecos, and arriving in El Paso on the 18th of September. It here developed that French had been drawing against Howland & Aspinwall on a letter of credit which apparently was a forgery—at least he was using it without authority. At this time there were two hundred and thirty passengers and hired men at El Paso without any means to get to California. On the 20th a meeting was held of the entire company, which decided to take possession of the property and sell it. The company divided the proceeds and split up into various parties to make their way overland to California as best possible.

The preceding account is taken from a "Journal of the Sufferings And Hardships of Capt. Parker H. French's Overland Expedition To California, Which Left New York City, May 13th, 1850, By Way Of New Orleans, Lavacca And San Antonio, Texas, El Paso, On The Rio Grande, The River Gila To San Diego On The Pacific, And Landed At San Francisco, December 14." The account was written by William Miles of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in a letter forwarded to his brother, Wesley Miles, who had it printed in the form of a pamphlet in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1851. When a copy of this pamphlet turned up a few years ago, it was reprinted by the Cadmus Book Shop in 1916 in an edition of two hundred and fifty copies.

Cardinell begins his narrative at El Paso with the breaking up of the party, and he then proceeds to detail his experiences while on the way from El Paso to San Diego, giving a much fuller account of this part of the journey than that contained in Miles' narrative.

According to Miles' account Cardinell came from Belleville, Canada, West, and in that account we find his name signed to a statement of the fight at Carletus [Corralitos], of which Cardinell gives a full account in his own narrative.

Mrs. C. A. Dolph of Portland, Mr. Cardinell's daughter, has kindly furnished us with the following interesting account of her father:

Charles Cardinell, the writer of the article, taken from his intensely interesting diary, relating his harrowing experiences of the seven tragic months occupied in crossing the plains, was born in Ontario, Canada, at his parents' country home between the bay of Quinty and Lake Ontario, on November 19, 1822, and died in Portland, Oregon, August 22, 1907. His parents were James Cardinell, born in Quebec, and Delila (Darling) Cardinell, born near the Bay of Quinty, Ontario. In 1845, in Belleville, Ontario, he married Miss Jane Blaind of that town, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Blaind. Her father was a professor of Latin and Greek. Mr. Cardinell received his education in Belleville, making an especial study of architecture, which he followed as a business much of his life.

In 1849, like so many of the young men of that day, he was possessed with the desire to reach California, the land of the newly discovered gold mines. The excitement of this wonderful discovery was felt quite as much in Canada as on the American side, hundreds of young men casting away good stable lines of business or professions to rush madly to the gold fields—Charles Cardinell was one of these. His experience, like that of thousands of others, was a series of making money and losing it, but his love for architecture and building served him in good stead, for in addition to mining he erected many buildings in Tuolumne County and also in Solano.

In 1867 he moved with his family from California to Portland, Oregon, and there engaged in erecting buildings for others and a few for himself.

During the last thirty-two years of his life he was afflicted with partial paralysis, but the same indomitable courage shown during the hardships he related in crossing the plains was manifest during all those years. His wife, a most estimable woman, died in Portland in 1894. Two of his four children died in infancy. The two who survived him are Mrs. C. A.

Dolph of Portland, Oregon, and Charles B. Cardinell, living at present in Missouri.

He personally watched his own interests—being able to walk but little, he was driven daily about his buildings taking care of the most minute details. He was considered by some, especially those carrying but little responsibility, peculiar, in that he exacted every farthing coming to him, but he was equally punctilious in paying to others every penny he owed them. His giving was so unostentatious that many in his city thought he did but little; those of his household, his family and old servants, knew differently—they particularly were well remembered at the time of his death.



## No. I.

Left New York on the 13th of May, 1849, for Port Lavaco, Texas. We arrived at El Paso near the end of September, after a long and tedious journey. Here our company of about 250 was broken up. The passengers becoming tired of so much delay took possession of the train and sold it. The amount of money taken for wagons, mules, harness, etc., would pay but twenty per cent on the demands against French. My demands being at this time \$200 gave me according to the percentage allowed, \$40, for which I drew a mule, valued at \$45, and paid the five dollars difference. I also bought another mule from a private individual, and supplied myself with plenty of provisions and clothing.

I now joined a dozen of the old company, and we made our way to Corlita, a Mexican town about 130 miles west of El Paso. Having arrived there, we unpacked our animals, led them to water and were engaged in washing their backs which were already becoming sore from the effect of the packs. But now a sudden yell or war-whoop of many voices broke upon our ears, and soon there appeared, to our surprise, French at the head of men, all mounted and well armed, each having a six-shooter in his right hand, and on his left shoulder a rifle. On they came, charging upon us at full speed, whooping and yelling like so many savages.

They fired upon us, and the balls were whistling about our

heads in every direction. My companions were falling to the earth on every side of me, with awful groans, in the last agonies of death. This lasted but a short time. French received a ball in the wrist, which passed out near the elbow, shattering his arm to pieces. One of our party, by the name of Wright, was shot through the neck. He died instantly. Another one, named Nelson, while in the act of stooping to lift a comrade from the ground, was shot through the back. He died in a few hours. Another, named Cooper, was shot through the thigh; and another, an old man, also of our party, by the name of Holmes, had both arms shot off. The groans of the wounded and dying were most affecting. There was no surgeon. French robbed us of our animals, and left us destitute. Graves were dug and our departed comrades were rolled in their blankets, and buried side by side on the spot where their blood was shed.

We remained at this place three days, in consequence of not having animals to proceed. In the meantime, the Alcalde becoming alarmed at the company's proceedings, fearing lest they would take the town, sent a dispatch to Janos for a company of Mexican Lancers. A portion of these, when they arrived, he placed at the entrance of the town to prevent other parties from coming in until ours had departed.

At length, after much entreaty, together with the Alcalde's influence, I obtained again one of my animals. Some others of the party also obtained theirs. I packed my animal with as much as he was able to bear; the remainder of my property I was obliged to carry myself. With this burden I traveled all day, the distance of 25 miles to Janos, where I was so fortunate as to obtain a horse. We now proceeded on our journey to Santa Cruz, a distance of 200 miles, arriving there just late enough to escape trouble, as 300 Apaches had just left after committing depredations of every savage nature upon the place and its inhabitants, shooting some of the males and taking some of the females prisoners. They also took away their horses, cattle, sheep, &c.

After leaving Santa Cruz and following Cook's route, we came to a deserted town named Tubac on the 19th of October, where we remained until Monday morning to recruit ourselves and our animals. On Monday we made a march of 30 miles to a watering place, where we encamped for the night. During our journey, being scantily supplied with water, we suf-

ferred very much. I offered a dollar for a pint, but was unable to obtain it. On Tuesday morning we again started, and after traveling a few miles, I and two or three others had some difficulty with our animals in consequence of the packs becoming loose, and we were left some distance behind the company, when we met a large party of Pimo Indians, who kindly offered to conduct us to water, which offer we gladly accepted. After following them a long distance up a mountain, we at last came to a spring, where the Indians left us. We remained there until near night, cooking and eating our supper. The sun was about two hours high when we left and proceeded on our journey. Following the trail in our winding way we passed through a deep valley, and after traveling a short distance we came upon several trails leading in several directions. We followed the one which we thought the company in advance of us had taken, for two hours after dark, when we encamped for the night. I was apprehensive at this time that we might be on the wrong trail, as I had noticed what appeared to me a much larger one breaking off to the left.

The next morning, at dawn of day, I arose, and awakening one of my companions, we held a short consultation, when I concluded to take a short cut across the prairie and examine the trail between us and the mountain, which I had noticed the previous evening. So, shouldering my gun, I left my comrades with my animals and baggage, and directed my steps in a south-southeast direction. After walking about five miles I came upon the trail that I was in quest of, but found it was the wrong one, as the foot-marks on it were in an easterly direction. I then endeavored to retrace my steps, but after traveling two or three hours, I found I had lost my way. I instantly became so excited that I hardly knew what I was about. I began calling my companions' names at the top of my voice, hoping they would hear me, but in vain. I continued running in every direction, and calling till my throat was so sore that I could call no more; and then I discharged the load in my gun. I continued running all day, under the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun. About sunset I struck a trail, which I followed nearly all night, when I came to a deep hole in the bed of a river, which I examined for water. I descended to the bottom, though it was eight or nine feet deep. After digging in the quicksand with my hands for a while, I found water,

which I dipped up with my powder pouch, holding a half pint. I drank it full fourteen times, and thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted. After quenching my thirst I lay down to rest, but my mind was laboring under such intense excitement that I was unable to sleep.

## No. II.

In about two hours day began to dawn, when I arose, filled my gun barrel with water and continued following the trail. About noon I came to a Pimo Indian village. I asked for bread and was presented with a water-melon. I asked for corn, and he gave me two or three small ears, for which I gave a pair of stockings which I happened to have in my pockets. I related to the Indians, as well as I was able by signs, my troubles, and offered my coat, pants, shirt and boots, to any one that would go with me and look after my animals and baggage. But no one would go. I then agreed to give a mule in case we should find them. To this an Indian agreed, and taking his bows and arrows, a dozen small ears of corn and a gourd of water, he was equipped for the journey.

We started back on the same trail we came in on. Before proceeding far he told me I had better leave my gun, as it would be useless to me. He hid it in some bushes. We then marched forward till dark, when we came upon the water holes in the bed of the river. Here we ate the corn, and slept about two hours. Then we arose and followed the trail until daylight, when we came to the place where I supposed my animals might be near. We examined one trail after another till 2 o'clock, in vain. The Indian becoming tired and hungry, muttered and expressed his unwillingness to search any further. I told him to lend me his gourd and I would go up a mountain which he had pointed out to me, for water, and he might go home, while I remained until night searching for my animals. He then wanted four dollars for his trouble. I offered him two dollars, but he would not accept that sum. I being wholly in the savage's power, was obliged to give him what he asked. I had still one dollar remaining, and had only about a thousand miles to travel before I could reach the land of gold. The scoundrel would not lend me his gourd, but he would give it to

me for the dollar which I had left, or for my coat. I refused his generous offer, and went off, leaving him sitting on the ground in ill humor.

I then walked about three miles up the mountain for water, quenched my thirst, and taking off one of my boots, filled it to carry with me, and resumed the search. But in a short time my foot became wounded and sore, lamed by waiking among the sharp rocks, showing prints of blood at every step. I bound it with my neck-kerchief, and searched in vain till night. Becoming discouraged I gave up the search, and hungry and faint, I once more started for the village. It was late in the night when I again came to the old water places, where I slept until daylight.

In the morning I started again, but before walking an hour was overtaken by my Indian guide, who came upon me like a mad dog, saying he had been searching all night until his moc-casins were worn through, with nothing to eat. He wanted my other dollar. I refused to give it, and attempted to leave him—when springing upon me like a tiger, he laid hold of me and demanded the dollar. I begged of him not to take it, as it was all I had, and I wanted to buy bread with it. I told him I had nothing to eat, no clothes, no animals, was far from any white man, and had a long way to go. But my entreaties were all in vain. I again attempted to leave him, when he placed his bow and arrow in a position to shoot me, and I was obliged to give it up to him. He still appeared dissatisfied, and taking hold of me again took my neck-kerchief from my neck by force. After examining it, growling about the blood upon it and the holes worn through it, he tied it about his waist, and let me go.

The Indian then went towards the village, I keeping about twenty yards behind him. On coming to the bushes where my gun was hid, I found that it had been taken away. I said nothing until we came to the village; but when I asked him for it he only laughed at me. Several elderly Indians stood by looking at me, as if I had been a wild beast or a complete menagerie. To them I made complaint respecting the loss of my gun. After talking with each other for a long time, they finally brought it from a wigwam, broken. I offered to sell it to them for bread or penoles. No one seemed to care for it. I then offered it for my hat full of corn, but could not get it.



They would give me corn, penole or musquite bread, for my coat, pants or boots. But these I could not part with, owing to the severe cold and the snow. I examined my pockets for something to sell them for bread, but found they had been picked of everything—comb, glass, gloves, and several trinkets that I had. I then resorted to my pants, and taking out my purse to sell them, on examining it to show them the quality, I fortunately found ten gold dollars, which being so small I had hitherto overlooked. At the sight of these my heart leaped for joy, and I again felt rich. One of these I offered for my hat full of corn; but no, they would give it to me for my coat, and insisted upon it. Finding I still refused, they turned up their noses, and went off each one to his wigwam, leaving me standing like a sign-post, almost dead with hunger.

It was already four days since I had eaten anything except the few small ears of corn and the water melon before mentioned. I stood motionless for a while considering what to do. I saw no alternative but to direct my steps toward San Diego. But a distance of five hundred miles lay before me before I could expect to see the face of a white man or anything that pertained to civilization; and how was I to proceed with nothing to eat? Starvation stared me in the face. I stepped forward to a wigwam where I saw an Indian drying corn and offered a dollar for my hat full, but he refused. I then fell upon my knees to him, holding the hat in one hand and the dollar in the other, begging of him to give me corn, but he still refused. In this posture I remained for fifteen or twenty minutes, continuing my supplications and imploring his mercy. He at last filled my hat with the corn, and took the money, telling me to go on and in a little while I should come to another town where I could get much corn. I was not aware of another village being near or I should not have humbled myself as I did. Taking off my coat and turning the corn into one of the sleeves, I proceeded on my way, and after traveling about six miles, I came to South Pass about ten o'clock in the evening. I told the Indians of my loss, and described to them the place. I then prepared my supper of parched corn, and lay down on the ground to sleep, but could not, in consequence of the pow-wow that was kept up in a wigwam near me. I also suffered severely from the cold nights, having on nothing

but a cotton shirt and a thin pair of pants. My coat sleeves being occupied as corn sacks, I could only enjoy the skirts.

In the morning I arose, eat a handful of mashed corn, and endeavored to sell my gun. I exchanged it for a small blanket, thin enough to shake beans through, and gave my knife for a gourd to carry water in. I was kindly invited by an Indian, who was enjoying a dish of boiled squash, to breakfast with him. Sitting down near him, I laid down my coat and commenced eating, when the Indian took my coat and put it under him. Seeing his intention, I pushed the dish from me, and endeavored to get the coat. But he shoved back the dish and insisted upon having the coat. I told him no; I could not give my coat for a breakfast. Laying hold of it I pulled with all my might, expecting every moment to rend it in pieces, determined to have some of it. After struggling awhile I succeeded in getting it, and hurried away.

Feeling reluctant to leave without giving another search for my animals, I inquired of an Indian the trail they had followed, and went on it eight miles, when I came to another Indian village. I there related my story and while I was resting a little they proceeded in the search. I had not walked over two miles when an Indian came up in great haste, telling me I was on the wrong trail. Pointing towards a mountain some thirty miles off to the right, he said that it was towards that mountain that the white men had lately passed, and offered if I would give him my coat to take me to the right trail. Being by this time pretty well acquainted with the Indian character I knew he lied, only desiring to get me on the wrong trail that he might get the prize. I told him I wanted neither his assistance nor his company. He then wanted a dollar, still insisting that I should go with him. Leaving him and walking on I soon met about twenty Indians, some mounted and others on foot running and whooping apparently in great joy. I then had but little hope of recovering my property, as I mistrusted some of them were the same to whom I had explained my circumstances the evening previous at Santa Rosa. However, I continued following the trail until night came on, when I lay down to sleep.

During the night another Indian came up in great haste, telling me to go with him for water. I replied that I was tired and would not go. He then lay down near me.

In the morning I started and soon arrived at the watering

place, the Indian keeping with me. Here I rested, and having eaten a handful of corn, proceeded again. I had not gone far when the Indian abruptly asked me for a dollar. I told him I had none; and when he asked me where I was going, I told him I was hunting for my horse and mule. He said he would give me a horse for ten dollars. But after trying this and several other plans in vain, to find out whether I had any money about me, he said he would go no further with me unless I would give him my coat or shirt, and pointing in every direction, made signs of many trails and left me; and I was very glad of it. By this time, my water-gourd becoming empty, I began to be very thirsty. I still proceeded over the prairie under a scorching sun. When near night my eyes rested upon the spot where I had left my animals and baggage. Nothing was left but a string which I had used for tying my blankets, and the stake to which my animals had been tied. The grass, as far as their halters would reach, was plucked up, and the ground was pawed by the poor hungry creatures. The Indians' tracks were fresh and plainly to be seen, indicating that they had not long been gone.

I then directed my steps towards the mountain where a few days before I had obtained water. My fevered palate was already swelling in my throat with burning thirst. It was late in the evening when I came to the mountain. After searching some time in vain for the path to the water, I endeavored to climb the mountain where I was; but while climbing up a steep cliff I fell and cut my leg. Still wandering about in the dark, endeavoring to find the path, I struck a trail leading towards another mountain. This I followed for the distance of several miles without success, nearly dead for water. Then I commenced retracing my steps, and walked all night; but in the morning I found myself far from the watering place. Towards this I again turned, but it was near noon when I came to the foot of the mountain. Again I attempted to climb it, where I supposed the water might be found; but becoming weak and faint I fell, wholly unable to go further. Thus I lay nearly an hour, expecting every breath would be my last. A light refreshing breeze springing up, I began to revive, and with great exertion I succeeded in divesting myself of my boots and the little clothes I had on, in order that I might feel the air. After sufficiently recovering my strength to stand, I again

put on my clothes and crawled to the spot where I supposed the water to be. It was not the place I expected to find, but a ravine in the mountain about nine feet wide and fifty feet deep. At the head of this ravine I could see the water trickling down the rocks into a basin at the bottom. Rejoicing at this discovery, I crept down the sides of the mountain, and following up the ravine I drank my fill, and feasted on corn until near night, when with reluctance I left this beautiful fountain to search for the trail leading to the village. I walked two or three hours after dark, not finding it. So I lay down to sleep.

In the morning I directed my steps across the plain, toward a mountain, near which I knew a trail led to the village, which, when I found it, I again followed until I came to the water hole in the river bed. There I found some friendly Pimos, one of whom let me ride on his horse, behind him, for four or five miles, to rest myself; and so I reached another village which I had not before visited. Next morning I arrived at the other village, where I remained during the forenoon, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain. I obtained shelter in a wigwam. When the rain was over I proceeded five miles further, to the next village, which was the one I had first come to. It was four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 31st of October, when I left there, following the trail direct north, seventy-five miles.

### No. III.

[Here there is an evident omission in the diary.]

One Indian was smoking tobacco through a piece of reed, blowing the smoke with all possible force through his nostrils upon the bare back of the sick Indian, at the same time pressing it with a cloth as if to smother the smoke upon his back to prevent its escape. He continued this process from one end of the body to the other for about fifteen minutes, when another Indian took his place, going through the same process. During this time all except the one engaged in smoking, were singing at the top of their voices a song to the tune I had heard at Santa Rosa. The performance was kept up all night. I could not sleep for the noise until daylight, when they all dispersed except two or three, who lay down to sleep. I then obtained a

few hours repose. I was very sleepy, having traveled day and night for the last seventy-five miles. When I awoke I started again, following Cook's wagon route five miles, when I came to another village. Here it commenced raining, and I got shelter in a wigwam, where I remained until next morning. I bought my hat full of mesquite bread, for which I gave my last gold dollar. Tying it in my coat, I proceeded through deep mud six miles to another village. Here I was conducted by an Indian to the "captain," and told that he was a kind-hearted man, and would assist me to anything I needed. At this news I was much pleased, but on coming to the chief's wigwam, I found a fool of a fellow sitting on the ground with some three or four others playing cards, who did not seem inclined even to speak to me. I asked for something to eat, and they gave me mesquite bread, of which I already had plenty. But although it was little better than saw-dust, my craving appetite compelled me to eat it. I waited for him to get through his game of cards, thinking that he might be induced to give me some provisions for my journey. In the meantime they handed me a package of papers or recommendations to read, that had been given to him by leaders or captains of companies who had passed. He felt very proud of them, although he could not read a word. One or two of them recommended him to Americans that should happen to pass through there, as a good interpreter and an accommodating fellow; while the rest made game of him, saying he was accommodating as long as he was well paid. After waiting about two hours, and becoming completely disgusted, I left and proceeded on my way towards San Diego, which was still 400 miles distant.

The weather now began to grow much colder, with occasionally a heavy fall of rain. The nights were extremely cold, with very hard frost. A lonely traveler, I would walk all day until dark, and then being very tired, would lie down and fall asleep. Perhaps in an hour I would wake up, shivering with cold. I would then rise, throw my coat over my shoulder, travel until I became warm and tired, and again lie down to sleep till I could endure the cold no longer. Again I would rise, and walk on; and in this way continue traveling day and night, suffering with cold and hunger.

My clothes consisted of a thin cotton shirt, and pair of

pants which had become so rotten and torn that I had to tie strings about my body and legs in several places to keep them together. In my coat I still used to carry my parched corn and musquite bread. Frequently at night when I lay down to sleep the prairie wolves would come prowling about me, and I would be obliged to get up and throw stones at them to drive them away.

It was about 12 o'clock, when becoming very thirsty I left the road to go to the river Gila for water, when passing through some bushes I suddenly came upon a drove of sheep. I was overjoyed at the sight, as I had been informed by some Indians at Moracopas that white men with a drove of sheep had lately passed that way. Concluding that I must be near their camp, I called out at the top of my voice, "Americans! Americans!" and continued calling, but received no answer. I went further towards the river, thinking the camp could not be far off, and continued calling as before, but in vain. I began to think the Indians had killed the owners of the sheep. I then lay down till morning. At daylight I arose, and after searching an hour in vain for the camp, drove the sheep to the road and continued on my way, driving the flock of sixty sheep before me. Having traveled about two hours I stopped, and after sawing on the throat of a sheep with a sort of knife about three inches long, that I had picked up, succeeded in killing it. I could not stop for a fire, and had no means of procuring one; but falling on my knees, I laid hold of the raw flesh about the neck with my teeth, like a dog, and satisfied my hunger to some extent before it had fairly done kicking. After tearing and pulling, not having a knife that I could cut with, I at last opened the carcass and tore out the entrails. I ate up the kidneys, and shouldering the carcass, took the heart and liver in my hand to eat as I walked along.

Continuing on my journey, I drove the rest before me. I was just eating the last of the heart when I came up to the camp of white men, and found that they were the owners of the sheep. They had three thousand, which they were driving to California, and were very thankful to me for bringing up the rest of the drove. They gave me good bread and meat, which I ate till I nearly killed myself, as I had been living fifteen days on very small quantities of parched corn. Then I gathered sheepskins and sewed them together, and made me a

comfortable covering. Mr. Devoe, the leader and owner of the sheep, gave me a good mule to ride as long as I chose to remain with him, and twenty dollars in gold, with plenty to eat. We lay still four days, to recruit the animals, this being the first grass they had found since leaving the Pimo Indian village.

We arrived at the Colorado, Monday, November 18th.

On Tuesday, the 19th, with three or four others, I went to a deserted Indian rancho, and gathered a quantity of beans. It was eight miles from our camp. Five of Mr. Devoe's party getting tired of so much delay and slow traveling, and anxious to get through to the journey's end, were now preparing to leave the company and to go ahead. I purchased an old horse from a Mexican; one man gave me a pair of pants, another a shirt and another a bag to carry my provisions in. Mr. Devoe gave me a camp kettle, about thirty pounds of corn meal, and a sheep—two-thirds of which I gave to some of my party.

On the 22nd we left the ferry, traveled sixteen miles, and encamped at another place on the Colorado. Next day we drove sixteen miles more, to some wells. As a forty-five mile desert now lay before us, we started at 11 o'clock, but my horse broke his lariat and got away. The rest left me. I searched for my horse till daylight in rain. So leaving behind me my saddle, sheepskins, and other things, I started on the Sandy Desert with a pack of eight pounds weight on my back. This pack soon became an enormous weight. The sand being knee-deep, I had to rest every fifteen minutes. So I continued on until noon, when, becoming so fatigued that I could not lift my pack to my shoulder, I was obliged to throw away half of my corn meal, half my beans, half of my meat, all my parched corn, and musquite bread and a shirt. In the afternoon the wind blew almost a hurricane, driving the sand in my eyes, and almost blinding me. At times I was obliged to lie down and cover myself with my blanket to keep from suffocating. The whole road on the desert seemed almost covered with the carcasses of dead animals, the stench from which was terrible. Late in the evening I came to a camp of soldiers, bound for the Colorado. They gave me supper, and expressed astonishment at my pack. After resting two or three hours, I again started, and by morning arrived at another camp of soldiers, also bound for the Colorado. In a short time the rest of the

company came in that had left me on the other side of the desert. I must have passed them in the night. The Captain gave each of us two days' rations of hard bread and pork, and also to me, a letter to his family in San Diego.

Next morning I shouldered my pack, and marched, with the rest of the company, twenty miles to water. The next day we traveled thirty miles to water, and the day following twenty miles. Then we left the main road and took a trail over the mountain, twenty-two miles to Williams' ranch. In this valley we remained one day and two nights. The mountain tops were covered with snow, and it was so cold that we had to get up and walk about till morning in order to keep from freezing. Thence we followed a trail to a Mexican ranch, twenty miles; to Don McGillo's ranch, twelve miles; to the Mission, twelve miles; and to San Diego, six miles. I reached San Diego on Thursday, December 5th, seven months from the time I left home.

Chas. Cardinell.